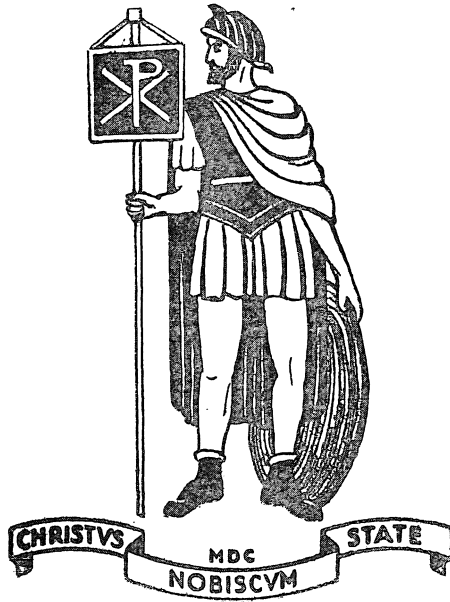


The

Alcester Grammar



School Record

July, 1953

Alcester Grammar School Record

No. 105

JULY, 1953

EDITOR: MR. V. V. DRULLER.

COMMITTEE:

Barbara Druller, Kathleen Highman, Patricia Wellum, Ann Swinglehurst,
Feast i, Davis, Lancaster.

SCHOOL REGISTER

VALETE

Devey, S. M. (V.A), 1948-53.

Dunnett, D. M. (V.B), 1946-53.

Dyer, R. M. (V.B), 1948-53.

Fielding, E. K. (V.B), 1948-53.

Squire, J. S. (IV.B), 1949-53.

Keen, C. R. (II.A), 1951-53.

SALVETE

Billington, K. J. (I.B).

Grail, M. (III.A).

Omitted last Term—

Poolton, S. R. (I.A).

There have been 285 pupils in attendance this Term.

NOTES AND NEWS

The Summer Term opened on Tuesday, April 21st, and closes on Friday, July 24th.

* * *

The cross-country races took place on Wednesday, March 11th, the senior event being won by Miller, and the junior event by Finnemore, the latter in record time.

* * *

A collection taken in the School to assist the Flood Relief Fund realised £16.6s.

* * *

On Monday, March 23rd, a lecture, illustrated by a film, was given to boys of the Fifth Form by Squadron Leader Pierce.

* * *

In a hockey match with the School, played on Wednesday, March 25th, the Staff was represented by Mrs. Davison, Miss Young, Miss Evans, Miss Lavery, Miss Jolley, Miss Morris, Miss Smith, Mrs. Baker, Mrs. Rance, M. Bunting and W. Lovell.

On Monday and Tuesday, March 30th and 31st, parties of the Sixth and Fifth Forms paid visits to the factory of Messrs. Guillaume.

* * *

Members of the two girls' hockey elevens visited Wembley on Saturday, March 14th, to watch the women's match between England and Belgium.

* * *

During the present term three parties have visited the Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon: on Wednesday, April 22nd, III.B, with Mrs. Petherbridge and Mr Bell, to see "Merchant of Venice"; on Wednesday, April 29th, members of the Sixth, to see "Antony and Cleopatra"; on Wednesday, May 6th, III.A, with Miss Hewitt, to see "Merchant of Venice."

* * *

On Tuesday, May 5th, the T.B. patch test was carried out on all willing members of the School, and on the 20th, X-rays were taken at the Mass Radiography Unit which was stationed at the Alcester Council Offices.

* * *

On Wednesday, May 13th, the Mile was run for the first occasion on the new school field. A good finish resulted in a win for Miller.

* * *

The French oral examinations were held, for ordinary level candidates on May 11th, and for advanced level candidates on May 22nd.

* * *

The Whitsuntide holiday fell on Monday and Tuesday, May 25th and 26th.

* * *

There was a holiday on the first three days of "Coronation week" in celebration of the Coronation of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II. A souvenir of the occasion, in the form of a New Testament, was handed to all pupils at an assembly in the Hall by the Chairman of the Governors, Mr. G. R. Mason.

* * *

On Thursday, Friday and Monday, June 4th, 5th and 8th, the Practical Needlework and Housewifery examinations at ordinary level of the G.C.E. were taken at School by members of the Sixth and Fifth Forms.

* * *

On Monday, June 22nd, the School attended a matinee performance of the Coronation film, "Elizabeth is Queen," at the Regent Cinema, Alcester.

* * *

A cricket club has been formed among the girls of the VIth, Vth and IVth Forms.

Examinations for the General Certificate of Education began on Tuesday, June 16th; the School examinations on Monday, June 29th.

* * *

Sports Day has been arranged for Thursday, July 16th. A full report of that day's activities will appear in the December number of the *Record*.

* * *

Best wishes to Mrs. Stephenson—who, as Miss Jolley, has been in charge of Biology for the past four years—on the occasion of her marriage.

OLD SCHOLARS' GUILD

<i>Treasurer:</i>	<i>President:</i>	<i>Secretaries:</i>
G. P. Baylis.	M. Feast.	J. Mahoney and N. Williams.

The Committee wishes to thank all who helped to make the Easter Dance such a success. A profit of approximately £11 was made. It is hoped that the Autumn Dance will be as well attended.

By kind permission of the Headmaster and the Governors, the Summer Reunion will be held at the School on Saturday, July 18th. A tennis tournament will be arranged as usual, and tea will be served at 4.30 p.m. Supper will be served at 8.0 p.m., and the charge will be 5s. per head for all Old Scholars and their wives or husbands should they also attend.

Ties are still available, and will be on sale at the reunion, price 7s.

It is hoped that Scholars leaving the School this term will attend this reunion to become acquainted with the Guild and its activities. Our purpose is to keep in touch with all former members of the School, and we extend a hearty invitation to them to join us.

J. MAHONEY and N. WILLIAMS.

BIRTHS

On March 8th, to Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Morbey (née Audrey Villers)—a daughter.

On May 2nd, to Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Baylis (née Valérie Jaques)—a daughter.

On May 22nd, to Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Cassell (née Joan Hill)—a daughter.

On June 6th, to Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Barkworth (née Annette Slaught)—twin sons.

* * *

MARRIAGES

On February 21st, at Bidford-on-Avon, Geoffrey Gordon Wheeler to Frances Edith Sherwood (scholar, 1943-45).

On March 24th, at Alcester, Alfred George Frank Spiers to Gian May Beachus (scholar, 1939-43).

- On March 25th, at Worcester, John Barry Hobbs to Margaret King (scholar, 1941-46).
- On March 28th, at Redditch, William James Bridgewater (scholar, 1936-38) to Mavis Farr.
- On March 28th, at Welford-on-Avon, Joseph Charles Herbert Chalker to Joyce Mary Garner (scholar, 1942-47).
- On April 4th, at Salford Priors, Gerald A. Goddard (scholar, 1942-47) to Dorothy Atkins.
- On April 6th, at Aston Cantlow, Joseph William Roberts (scholar, 1941-46) to Jean Bayliss.
- On May 19th, at Aston Cantlow, Derek C. K. Goode (scholar, 1933-41) to Ann Primrose Holmes.
- On May 23rd, at Edgbaston, John H. Gittus (scholar, 1938-47) to Rosemary Ann Geeves.
- On May 25th, at Arrow, Norman Williams to Natalie M. Smart (scholar, 1933-43).

* * * * *

DEATH

- On April 27th, at Alcester, M. Anne Rutter (scholar, 1936-49), aged 23 years.

OLD SCHOLARS' NEWS

On Saturday, March 21st, a football match with the School XI ended in a draw.

C. Guillaume has received a Coronation Medal for his work in connection with Civil Defence in Alcester.

L. W. Lilley (now Senior Aircraftsman) took part in the Coronation procession.

D. R. Payne, of the Grenadier Guards, was on guard at Buckingham Palace on Coronation Day.

C. W. Buckley is now stationed in Austria.

TO BE WORN OR NOT TO BE WORN

I have decided that the clothing worn by the present-day average male needs drastically reforming. The present-day suiting is a very poor compromise between that needed in summer and that needed in winter, and is just about suitable for spring and autumn.

The amount of material worn in summer needs to be considerably reduced. Let me start from the feet and work upwards. Sandals are ideal with or without socks. Trousers should be abolished and replaced by the kilt and sporran, the latter providing pocket space lost with the trousers. Schools, clubs, etc., could each have their own distinctive pattern for kilt material. Jackets are absolutely useless in the summer except for pocket space. This could be allowed for by a shirt which

would hang outside the kilt and have about four pockets around the bottom. To prevent one being affected by the sun, a large, floppy-brimmed hat would be needed, and in case of rain a large, waterproofed cloak with gold clasp would look very smart.

In the coldest part of winter, again starting at the feet and working up, the thickness and number of pairs of socks could be altered to suit individual requirements. Nice, thick, fur-lined boots would prevent the feet becoming frost-bitten, and they could be replaced by summer's sandals or slippers for house wear. Trousers could be of thick corduroy with elastic bottoms so as to fit tightly round the ankles and keep cold air out. The shirt could be of gaberdine, with a fancy-pattern gilt-buttoned waistcoat on top. Then, if needed, there could be a windcheater underneath a fur-lined jacket. Finally, again if needed, a duffle-coat might be worn, with the type of hood fitted with elastic so that it could be adjusted to expose only the centre of the face. When the hood was not in use, good ear-muffs should be available.

In the spring and autumn and other times when the above sets of garments would be either too hot or too cold, something more like the present-day dress could be substituted.

Once more starting at ground level, we would have socks to tone with shoes with buckle fastening to save shoelaces. Then, what could be better than to follow the latest Saville Row fashions, which include maroon trousers and belted jackets edged with gold braid, to which could be added any type of shirt and, if needed, a waistcoat?

I have come to the conclusion that neckties are absolutely useless except for decoration, and that what decoration they provide could be transferred to the shirt's top pocket, or possibly down the button-hole flap. Abolition of neckties would also save collar material, as all shirts could be in the tee-style.

Well, those are my ideas on male dress reform. Although I know many will disagree with them, I think that there is a rising movement to revolutionise men's clothing and that, now we are in another Elizabethan age, men ought to dress gaily, as did their 16th century predecessors.

R. M. BOLT (VI).

A FITTING CLIMAX

Coronation celebrations have been held all over the country in the cities, towns and villages, and yet I am sure that no one could have enjoyed themselves more than did the children, mothers, fathers and grandfathers at "our" festivities.

The fancy dress parade, as popular as ever with the children—who can resist dressing up?—attracted some of the menfolk, too. An overgrown baby, complete with bonnet, did not seem to mind being clumsily tipped out of his pram, as long as he could still clutch his cider-bottle. However, interest was quickly diverted from this unfortunate incident as a too-bold Robin Hood was anxiously persuaded not to aim his arrow

at the Elizabethan lady's head. Order was restored and, the difficult task of judging being concluded, the colourful gathering proudly processed to the field where the main activities were to take place.

There happened to be a lull in the children's sports when I arrived, for the parents lining the racing track were agog with excitement as they listened to the Derby, which was relayed over the loudspeakers. From the expressions on some faces, I feared that many would be bare-backed after the race had ended.

Nevertheless, my attention was held by a tiny tot who was determined to stand on her head, much to the annoyance and embarrassment of her mother. Compared with my efforts at a handstand in the gym, I thought that her headstands were extremely good. At last my little "entertainer" tired of her energetic pastime and found it much cooler merely to pluck handfuls of grass and throw them at a small boy who had wandered near.

There was keen competition in all the sports, and what amazed me was the speed and agility with which the men, aged from 35 to 45, dashed madly down the track like four-year-olds. If anyone had asked me, I should have said that none of them could run more than a yard. Even the quiet business men lost that "immaculate" look as coats and ties were discarded, and shirt-sleeves were rolled up. In the ladies' race, for those aged from 16 to 40, Alcester Grammar School pupils were at the starting line like a shot, despite the good-natured protests of the housewives. They need not have worried, for running on rough, tufted grass four inches long, in a long, full-skirted dress and "slip-on" shoes—which had a tendency to "slip off"—was no joke. One unfortunate pupil of Alcester Grammar School soon found that she was feeling the turf with her nose, instead of her feet.

Appetites had obviously been worked up, however, for a large crowd had gathered outside the tea marquee before the children had finished theirs. It was extremely amusing to see everyone standing in groups, brandishing a knife, fork and spoon, looking like hungry cannibals gathered round their cooking-pots. Consequently, the tables were soon denuded, while the Vicar, who had nobly relieved some poor, harassed mother of her baby, expertly managed to reduce the infant's cries to a murmur.

Variety artistes gave an entertainment, and the most amusing incident was when the comedian was interrupted by a plaintive voice calling for its daddy through a microphone which had been left "alive."

Dancing was enjoyed by all generations until midnight, and the older generation showed us that they had not forgotten how to waltz or quickstep.

I was very surprised to find that there were many people who must live near me, and yet I could not remember ever having seen them before. However, I feel sure that they would all agree with me in stating that it was an extremely fitting climax to a wonderful Coronation week.

MAVIS A. BENNETT (V.A.)

A RED-LETTER DAY

Most people's red-letter day this year has been the Coronation, and more especially for me, as I was fortunate enough to obtain a ticket for a standing place in Parliament Square. There were three of us from our village, and we were allocated tickets through the Youth Club, and they arranged for us to stay with girls and boys of our own ages in London. When people discovered we were going, they were all very free with their advice about what to take and what to wear. One kind person even went as far as to arrange transport to London for us, and so we had a lift on a coach with ten Americans who were all here for the Coronation, and they were all very excited about it. On our journey from Ann Hathaway's cottage we were all enlightened by the Belgian guide, who knew more about our local countryside than we did.

We were duly met in London by our respective hosts and hostesses and taken to their homes, which were in huge blocks of flats, so we were definitely "in the arms of the law." The girl I was staying with calmly informed me that we should have to be up at 3.0 a.m., as she didn't know whether our places were in blocks or rows. We went to bed fairly early, only to be woken up about 2.0 a.m. by hordes of policemen going to line the Coronation route. As we were in Chelsea, they all went in double-decker buses, which made an awful noise. When we all met (there were nine of us) at Sloane Square, we found that the Underground was very crowded even at that unearthly hour. We passed many queer sights, as we wove our way by, of people who had been there all night and were still wrapped in sleeping-bags and rugs fast asleep. We were thankful we had reserved places, as all the free pavements were absolutely full, and people were packed like sardines. We all bought several newspapers, intending to use them to protect our clothing as we sat on the pavement. We sat there for about five hours until the procession started, and it rained on and off all the time.

From when the procession started until the Queen went into the Abbey, everyone stood, and as we were right at the front we were continually being pushed off the pavement by the people behind us, and as soon as we stepped off it the police made us move back. The procession started with the least interesting people and gradually reached a crescendo. I think of all the foreign representatives the Queen of Tonga was the most popular. Even though it was raining she had the hood of her landau down, and no coat on. She looked very excited and waved madly all the time. We saw all the relations of the Royal Family and two of the ladies-in-waiting, who looked absolutely magnificent. With all the different processions there were contingents of troops. When the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret came past I just couldn't believe it. It didn't seem at all real, and if Princess Margaret hadn't turned round and started talking to her mother quite naturally I would still think I was dreaming. As I said before, all the other processions were working up to a crescendo, and at last the great moment arrived. The State

Coach came into sight, and as it went past both the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh seemed to look straight at us and smile and wave.

None of us thought that we should see any of the procession again, but we had to stay there, and we were glad that we had done so, because we heard the sound of music, and there was a huge procession of representatives of the Forces of the British Commonwealth. After all these had passed by, the ones from the Abbey returned and we saw them all again. When it had eventually gone past, we all went home for a meal, and met again afterwards, making our way to Buckingham Palace. We stood outside with the rest of the crowd, shouting "We want the Queen." At last we were rewarded, for the commentator told us that after the Prime Minister and the Queen had spoken at 9.0 p.m., the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh would come out on to the balcony. This was greeted by loud cheering, and when the Royal couple came out the crowd nearly went mad. When they went back in we made our way up The Mall to the Embankment, or at least we tried to do so, but the crowd was so thick we found this almost impossible, and it scared me rather as one girl became terribly hysterical. The fireworks were absolutely marvellous and made a perfect ending to a perfect day. We all returned to our respective flats very tired, but very happy, even though we were a little disappointed that we hadn't seen Prince Charles and Princess Anne.

SHEILA TAYLOR (V.A).

THE GHOST!

Do you believe in ghosts? I d-d-don't—I think!

About four years ago I was spending a week with my aunt in her cottage in the village of Snitterfield, which is about four miles from Stratford. It is quite an old, ivy-covered cottage, and part of it is built spanning a brook. It has none of the modern amenities such as electricity, for the lighting is done by gas, and water has to be drawn from a pump.

On the second night of my holiday, I found myself in sole possession of the house, because my aunt went out to take some magazines to a friend, explaining that she would be back in half an hour. I was still up at half-past ten for, after all, it was my holiday. My aunt had locked the door on her way out so that I should be quite safe. It was rather a cold night, and I went into the tiny sitting-room to curl up by the fire with a book. The village was quiet, and the only sound I could hear was the gurgling of the brook and the usual discreet creakings to be heard in an old house. The gas bracket whispered as it radiated heat and light, and a feeling of peace pervaded me. Then suddenly there was a more definite creak, which sounded suspiciously like the slow opening of the living-room door, which led to the tiny, old-fashioned kitchen. "The draught," I thought to myself, and buried my head in the book again. Then a noise rather like a subdued wail came to my alert ears. I am not at all brave; however, I was determined not to be frightened. I

sharply reprimanded myself in what was intended to be a loud voice, but which only came out as a timid squeak. "It's only the wind in the trees." I stared intently and purposefully at the book, and as nothing more likely to raise alarm happened, my tranquillity of mind returned.

The next second, however, the book crashed to the floor, as I sat rigid in my chair, gripping the arms. I was afraid to breathe, for I could distinctly hear someone or something playing the ancient piano which stood against the wall in the living-room. I say "playing," but the sound being produced on the piano, which had not been played for years, was really a strange, eerie, discordant succession of notes. Frightened? I was absolutely petrified! With a gasp, I summoned up my tiny ounce of courage, and with a jerky movement I leapt from my chair and flung open the living-room door and stared into the darkness in the direction of the instrument. Imagine my horror when I saw two great eyes shining back at me. Those eyes were fixed steadfastly on me and they were moving slowly towards me. I was transfixed. I could neither move nor scream. As I stood rooted to the spot I felt something soft touching my leg. Then a low, piteous miaou that could only come from a small kitten came from the region of my feet. I almost cried with relief as I stooped and picked up a tiny kitten which, on carrying to the front room, I found to be black and white and very thin. When my aunt returned she laughed heartily at my story.

It appears that it must have slipped in unseen into the kitchen when my aunt went out, and it was the kitten tripping delicately over the keyboard that I had heard. It was a stray and remained with us for two days, then it disappeared, and we did not see it again. It was really the most lovable little animal, but, phew! it gave me the scare of my life.

BERYL POPE (IV.A).

THE FUN OF BEING IN A CROWD

At eleven o'clock on Monday, June 1st, we took up our positions in Trafalgar Square. Already there were many people who had secured their places, and we were really very lucky to get such a good position on the edge of the pavement. We had gone prepared for a wait of about twenty-four hours, and for any kind of weather, with food and drink, blankets, protective clothing, and even a small wireless set.

Once we had settled in, we decided that we should split up into two pairs, and go out alternately for an hour at a time, while the other pair looked after our places. We tossed up to see which pair was to go first, and the others won, so they set out, and were soon lost to view in the crowd. In the meantime, we started to look round, and especially at the people on each side of us, because they would be our neighbours during the long vigil. On our left was a man from Yorkshire, with his wife and family, and on our right was a Cockney, all by himself. With nothing to do in particular, we soon made friends with these people, and

discovered that the Cockney had taken up his position at six o'clock that morning, while the others had arrived just before us.

The hour passed quickly, and very soon our other two friends had come back, and so, after introducing them to our neighbours, we set off down The Mall towards the Palace. The crowds were terrific, and the sides of The Mall lined with people waiting; some were singing, others sleeping, and quite a few were eating sweets, fruit or sandwiches. Everyone was happy and jolly, and we found that the only way to make any headway at all was to get into a moving stream of people. If you could manage this you were all right, because you were just carried along. This was great fun, and something that neither of us had experienced before.

After about five short excursions such as the first one, we decided to settle down for the night. We had made up our minds beforehand to get some sleep, to be fit for the long day ahead of us. Sleep! The thought makes me laugh. The nearest that any of us got to sleep, was thinking about it the day before!

Just after eleven o'clock a crowd about twenty strong of Australians and Canadians started to sing and play on various instruments which they had brought with them. Everybody joined in, including us. It was great fun, and we all enjoyed ourselves. I don't know how long the singing lasted, but it was getting light before one could say "Jack Robinson," and then it was no good thinking of sleep. Then it started to rain, so we had breakfast, and faced the day ahead happy but perhaps a little tired. It was worth it, however, and I shall never forget the fun that we had from being in a crowd.

H. FEAST (VI).

THE PLEASURES OF TALKING

"Ma-ma." These words are the first sign of intelligible speech in most children. From this time onward, the parents take pains to ensure that the child shall learn correct pronunciation of individual words and shall gradually increase his vocabulary. As in all other branches of knowledge, certain persons have a greater ability than others, and their range of vocabulary accordingly increases faster. By the time they reach school age, all children should be able to speak audibly and sustain conversations with friends of their own age.

At school, the gift for talking is not always appreciated, especially by members of staff. Little chatterers interrupting a lesson are regarded with disfavour, although they themselves are thoroughly enjoying the experience of doing something naughty. When punishment follows, their enthusiasm is damped, only to flare up again on the next occasion, even with a threat of harsher penalty to follow hanging over their heads.

When a child has reached his "teens" and is approaching the day when he must leave school, he will have learned to distinguish the right time for talking. In mixing with adults, he will have proved the truth

of the well-known statement, "Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man": he will have acquired the art of making intelligent conversation and of acquitting himself equally well in discussions and simple social functions. It is true that there are some people who become tongue-tied in the presence of others, but these should be pitied, for they miss much enjoyment in life. Greater still is the loss suffered by those who, from some natural cause, can neither speak nor form their words in the correct manner: their life is one-sided since, although they can hear their fellows talk, they can never hope to carry on a conversation with them.

In the sphere of the normal adult, talking can be divided into two categories: in my experience one pleasant and one unpleasant. Sincere enjoyment can be felt from merely talking to friends and hearing their views on topics which extend from the latest hat to the world crisis of to-day. Yet when confronted with the proposition that one should address a packed audience on any one of these subjects, eloquence is lost, and one suffers many an anxious moment until the lecture is a thing of the past. How I envy men like Sir Winston Churchill, who can speak nonchalantly and with no apparent nervousness for long periods at a time, or answer toasts with polished impromptu replies! They indeed find pleasure in talking.

Talking, usually pleasurable, can gain admittance to an occupation or business by means of an interview. Perhaps more important to some, it is a passport to a college or university and can finally lead to high distinction in examinations, so that the student may proudly sign himself A. N. Other, M.A.

BARBARA DRULLER (VI).

EVEREST CONQUERED

The mountain air is crisp and cold
While men below assemble bold.
All tightly muffled from the cold,
As porters are their duties told.

From far and near they have all come
To try the feat that's now begun.
Thirty men with stores in packs,
All, of course, with rope and axe.

In former years assaults were made
To storm this giant palisade.
And crags and crannies Nature made
Defied attempts through each decade . . .

Six men with faces all aglow,
Slashed by hail and wind and snow.
Rope themselves and onward go.
Their footsteps ever dragging slow.

The Sherpa and New Zealander
Fight ever on and upward steer.
And as they reached the craggy peak
They gained what many men did seek.

R. G. HARTLEY (III.A).

A CYCLE RACE

One morning my mother, two brothers and myself set out to Ansty Aerodrome, near Coventry. On the back of the car was my elder brother's bicycle, as he was going to race in a twenty-five mile mass-start cycle race.

Much against our hopes, the rain poured down continually and made travelling altogether miserable. After being in a traffic jam which held us up half-an-hour, we arrived about five minutes before the race began.

It was not long before nearly a hundred competitors were all bunched up ready for the start. Each person wore his own club colours, and all the different colours made a bright splash on this wet afternoon.

The flag was waved, and off they went. Soon they were out of sight, and we returned to the car to wait patiently for them to come round again.

When they came round for the third time, imagine our amazement to see my brother leading by two or three yards. This was very pleasing, but when it came to the end my brother finished eighth.

All we could say was, "Never mind. Better luck next time." He did, however, win a bicycle pump as a lap prize.

ANN YEOMANS (IV.B).

AFTERTHOUGHTS

The Coronation, a unique event, has just taken place: unique in the sense that it can only be reasonably expected to occur once in a lifetime, and also because the spectacle merited the name of "The Greatest Show on Earth."

Now optimistic as we are, most of us in school believe that we shall see at least one more Coronation in our lifetime—but here comes the shock. There is not going to be another Coronation! Or at least that is what expert opinion would lead us to believe. In his meditations on the Coronation of his niece, the Duke of Windsor explains that America has taken the greatest interest in the Coronation primarily for this reason and, moreover, he gives very logical reasons for their belief, based largely on the significant downward trend of the aristocracy and the consequent isolation of the monarchy. He quotes George VI as saying that in time he could be the sole landowner in the kingdom, and it can be imagined how greedily Parliament would survey the Royal estates in such circumstances.

Nowadays, however, the monarchy reigns more in sentiment than in power, and this fact should be all-prevalent in looking to the future. It would, therefore, probably be best to pin our faith to the words of ex-King Farouk, who prophesied that ultimately there would remain only five monarchies in the world—those of Hearts, of Diamonds, of Clubs, of Spades, and of England!

B. GOWARD (VI).

OLLA PODRIDA

Cod liver oil, says C.B., comes from the whale.

* * *

P.A. has discovered a novel form of transport. She writes: "*Je prendrais un aviron de Londres à Paris.*"

* * *

"A great number of them having been killed began to attack the town," writes B.H.

* * *

His boots, states J.H., reached to his chin.

* * *

"I did not see my bus," says M.P., "until it had gone."

* * *

We are told that we must now write this exactly the same but in the reverse order.

* * *

Darwin's book on evolution, says R.S., was called Genesis.

* * *

Most of Australia's sheep, according to P.S., are exported to other countries for beef.

* * *

A First Form girl informed her friend that she had put her press in her racket.

* * *

To create the character, says A.P., I am just going to wear a belt with some pegs round it.

* * *

L'immortalité de l'âme, according to M.L., means "immortality of the ass."

THE CORONATION

The Coronation was a wonderful sight.
The route was decked with flags so bright.
The Queen looked lovely in her glittering crown.
As she drove in State through London town.

The soldiers made an amazing sight.
Dressed in their coats of red and white.
The mounted police on that happy day.
Were each of them riding a dapple grey.

At Buckingham Palace, the drive at an end,
The Air Force o'er the Queen the fly-past did send.
Now, the only thing left to say.
Is, I wish I'd been there on that memorable day.

PRISCILLA APPERLEY (III.A).

CROWDS

"No," said a peer of the realm, "I am not going to the Coronation—I can't stand crowds!"

There were varied attitudes towards this statement. Some laughed at him; others scorned him; some just shrugged their shoulders and called him mad, themselves longing for the very opportunity which he was flatly refusing to take. But I am inclined to sympathise with him, because I feel the same way, too.

* * *

It is a hot, dusty day in a large city. The sun is beating down with such merciless force that, were it not for the continual stream of traffic deafening the ear, I could imagine myself in the heart of the Sahara Desert. I should like to go to sit by the river for an hour, but, oh no! It's my unlucky day, for the crowd wants to go to the city centre, so I am borne along protesting but powerless against this mighty wave of perspiring humanity. My shoes are dusty, and my toes are aching under the heavy weight of hundreds of pairs of feet. My stockings are sticking to my legs, and my sunglasses persist in dropping to the end of my nose. My hair is awry, my face and hands hot and dusty, and the broad back in front of me, clothed in pink, with millions and millions of small, black dots upon it, is hurting my eyes. The gentleman on my right has particularly bony elbows, and someone behind me is poking a sharply-pointed parcel in my back. Somewhere around the region of my skirt a child with beautiful blue eyes, but particularly sticky fingers, sucks a large stick of toffee and feels convinced that he knows me, for he insists on calling me "Mary." First I try to smile sweetly upon him but, after a time, I find the stickiness beyond endurance, and I feel that my mouth will perpetually remain in the curve of a forced smile. I relax the muscles of my face, and tactfully ignore my new-found friend.

Ah, but what's this I see coming round the corner? A golden coach could be no more welcome. Yes, it really is! A Midland "Red" bus! Taking courage, I force my way through the thickening crowd to the bus-stop. I relax in a seat and look forward to seeing dear old Alcester again, where one at least can walk in comfort. Thank goodness! My monthly "treat" visit to Birmingham is over.

CAROLYN WOODWARD (IV.A).

RAISING FUNDS

We all know that funds have to be raised, and we all are willing to help the organisers of these funds, but when they want subscriptions or donations they always seem to come at an awkward time. They usually come when there is a good programme on the wireless or television, or when you are sitting down to a meal.

If it is a raffle they have organised, they ask if you would like to buy a raffle ticket for a box of chocolates, or if it is a whist drive, they ask,

"Is your mother going to the whist drive? If so, would she like to buy a ticket?"

As we are not interested in whist drives, we don't get that sort of bother. But there are more interesting ways of raising funds than those. For instance, there is a rummage sale, which you see so often advertised in the village, and if it is a sale of this kind they would like to get second-hand clothing or footwear. This sort of thing is what a mother likes, and more especially garden fetes.

Something more in father's line are the amateur pet shows, to which he will take his pet dog or cat.

This is all well and good for the senior members of the family, but when it comes to dances and socials this is where I step in, and I don't mind going to one of these.

One thing father says is that when he pays to go into a football match with the local club, after you have paid your entrance fee, people annoy him by coming round with raffle tickets for cigarettes. But it is a different situation if he wins them; then he says that those were some cheap cigarettes.

Well, I suppose it is the same in every village, so why do we grumble about it?

K. MILWARD (IV.B).

CORONATION DECORATING

Right up to the Saturday before Coronation Day, I had no intention whatsoever of decorating our house. In fact, none of the family had purchased any decorations until Saturday night. Then I was informed that I was to be decorator-in-chief. So, on Monday morning, I told the family that I alone was going to decorate our house, and warned them to remain indoors. There was, luckily or unluckily, a high wind blowing. It was lucky in one respect, for after I had washed our biggest flag, the wind dried it in a quarter of an hour. I sallied forth and began to climb a ladder to put up some bunting. Now our house is high, and I am not used to climbing ladders. I lost my nerve and hastily climbed down, calling for my father to come and help me. He came out with an expression on his face that said, "I told you so!" Father is not very slim, and as he reached the top of the ladder all the people who were decorating their houses gave him a loud cheer. He ignored all the rude remarks, fixed the bunting, climbed down, and went back into the house. I then proceeded with my task. By lunchtime the house looked quite presentable and I began to wish that I had entered in the decorated houses competition.

But, alas, when I returned home on Coronation morning I viewed the house with an expression of dismay, mixed with annoyance and amusement, for the wind had blown away many of the decorations, and what was left looked somewhat bedraggled, to say the least of it.

EVELYN COOPER (IV.A).

WINDOW BOXES

Have you ever planted a window box? No? Then I will give you a word of advice: never try to unless you do not possess a cat, and plant the right kind of flowers.

One day in late April I decided to plant a Coronation window box. I bought a packet of *Clarkia* seeds and neatly planted them in the shape of E I I R. I anxiously waited for them to come up and, a few weeks later, their tiny heads appeared through the soil. From then onwards, oh, what worry I had! The small, fragile shoots were doing very well until one day I came from school and found the cat lying on them. I chased her off, but to my dismay the plants were flattened down. Nevertheless they survived and were flourishing well until the cat lay on them again. This time they never really recovered, and they still looked limp. Then, when they were about a month old, I realised they were the wrong kind of plants, for they spread too quickly and grew too tall, so that one could not read the letters E I I R. In the end I dug some out and planted them around the lawn. But, oh, my poor window box! I'm afraid that went to rack and ruin.

ALMA TAYLOR (II.A).

MOTOR RACING AT SILVERSTONE

It is very thrilling indeed to see the latest car hurtling round a track at anything up to 150 m.p.h. The skill of these drivers is terrific. I have seen some of them driving on ordinary roads in a super-sports car, such as driven in the Production Sports Car Race at Silverstone. People say such things as, "He is a madman!" Yes, he may look like one, but the split second timing he is used to on the track also comes into use on the road.

Naturally, I think the faster cars are most interesting. It is delightful to see two drivers jockeying for first place and fighting for the prestige of the firm they race for. These firms do not build racing cars for the fun of it; they build them to gain more export markets for our country. If an English firm wins at Silverstone, they do not let it pass by. They have huge advertisements plastered all over everything—papers, buses, cinemas, public houses and garages—and they hope to win universal fame.

Motor racing is becoming more and more popular as people flock from near and far to see the car of the same make as their own win the Production Race.

I cannot finish without mentioning the names of some of the British cars which compete at Silverstone—Aston-Martin, Jaguar, Frazer-Nash, Healey and Allard. These hope to win trade from other countries for "Queen Elizabeth's land."

R. BROADLEY (III.B).

A VISIT TO H.M.S. "INDEFATIGABLE"

One day at the end of August I went to Portland harbour, in Dorset, to pay a visit to H.M.S. *Indefatigable*, which is an aircraft carrier. First we went through some passages past the baker's shop, the kitchens, the wash house and many other cabins. When we were coming up to the flight deck we passed the boilers; it was very hot. When we got to the flight deck we saw a lot of Sea Furies lined up for the take-off. At the far end of the flight deck there was a practice gun which we could work ourselves. After I had had a try at working it, we went up the conning tower. On the way up we passed the barber's shop, the wireless room and the bridge. At the very top there were some pom-pom guns, signalling lamps and signalling flags. When we went down again we went through the hangars; then we came to the ladder which led to a boat to take us back to the shore.

C. SPALDING (I.B).

OUR CORONATION BONFIRE

During the buffet in the Memorial Hall, after the Queen's speech, an announcement was made. It was that the display of fireworks and the bonfire would have to be postponed because of rain. We were all very disappointed. When we were in bed, Mom noticed a glow reflected in the greenhouse windows; it was the bonfire!

In the morning we found that an over-excited party had lit it. They were very sorry for what they had done, and promised to build another, better one. Luckily that evening was fine, and we all congregated near the huge fire, and gave a mighty cheer as the flames rose higher and higher. Next came the firework display, and what a good show it was, well worth the one evening's delay. We ended the evening with a sing-song around the glowing embers. Then, tired but happy, we went home to bed.

D. WILSHAW (I.A).

MY HORSE

I have a horse who's dapple-grey,
She was seven years old on the 5th of May.
Her name is Silver, but to me
She's much more valuable than gold could be.

I ride her every possible day,
And help to feed her with lots of hay.
She knows my voice and knows my step,
And sadly neighs when I have left.

She and I have lots of fun,
First she'll walk and then she'll run.
She twists in and out of shrubs and trees.
And will do almost anything I please.

At night when it is time for sleep,
She usually takes one flying leap,
Down to the field and to the stable,
And so to rest if she is able.

SALLIE POOLTON (I.A).

FISHING OFF!

One fine afternoon in Spring I decided to go "sticklebacking," or "tiddling," in a nearby brook. I got the net, which was badly in need of repair, tried to mend it; came to the conclusion that it was a hopeless job, and made a net out of a pair of mummy's old stockings.

Then, armed with net and two jam-jars, plus our dog—who thought this a good chance for a walk—I set off. I entered the meadow dreaming of nice, fat sticklebacks and a peaceful afternoon, when I heard a bullock mooing viciously. I looked . . . I ran. The bullock was running with its head down at my dog and me. "Wellingtons! Oh, why did I put them on?" I thought. I cast a glance over my shoulder and saw the dog staring in surprise at the oncoming bull; then, giving it a most disdainful look, it ambled after me toward a very welcome stile. At last we reached it.

The bullock, which seemed to realise it was no good to try and chase us any further, charged at a very weak-looking hedge (which was even weaker afterwards) and joined company with some other bullocks.

I can laugh at the episode now, but I couldn't at the time.

MARY NORDEN (II.A.)

HATS

Hats are made to serve many different purposes. In a recent survey it was found that more hats are worn by women than men. Some hats worn by women are quite fantastic in their designs, such as hats decorated with flowers, fruit and birds in nests. Very few women wear them for the purpose of keeping their heads dry in the rain.

The most common of hats worn by men are bowlers and trilbies. The bowler is worn mainly by city business men, while most young men prefer a trilby. Some workmen wear bowler hats, not for smartness' sake, but to protect their heads from knocks. Top hats are worn by the gentry at such race meetings as the Derby, at Epsom; they are also worn by African native chiefs, who regard them as a symbol of power. Straw hats are worn by men and women alike to ward off the sun, while mortar-boards are worn by schoolteachers as a tradition.

Hats are an essential part of most uniforms: for instance, the bearskins worn by the Coldstream Guards, and the policeman's helmet. Steel helmets are worn by soldiers as protection against bullets and shell splinters. They can also be used to carry water and to fry food in.

Crowns have been worn by kings and queens for many hundreds of years. Before Christ was crucified He wore a crown of thorns; and hundreds of years ago in Greece winners of races and games wore a crown of laurel. Crowns have always signified dignity and power.

In the field of sport, many curious hats are worn. In cricket, a cap with a large peak is worn, the peak to shield the cricketer's eyes from the sun, and the cap itself to show that he has gained distinction in cricket.

A jockey on a horse wears a skull cap with a very large peak, as does also a baseball player. Golfers wear check caps; water polo players, bathing helmets; men who race on motor-cycles wear crash helmets, and archers wear small hats with a feather in the brim.

In entertainment, many hats of a different kind are worn, mostly as ornaments.

The jester's hat, with its bells, is well known, and so is the clown's conical hat. Very well known to children is the hat of the witch and of the sorcerer.

Altogether, hats play a very important part the world over; and the day that they will cease to be worn is in the far distant future.

C. SHAKLES (V.B).

WHAT A TRIP!

During the Whitsun holiday we went on a coach trip which was supposed to go to Bridgnorth and back. We caught the coach at six o'clock in the evening, and sped on our way to Redditch, leaving some latecomers behind at Studley. After filling up at Redditch our coach joined up with two others, and off we raced. The journey there was uneventful, except for the wisecracks of three Redditch youths. After having a look round Bridgnorth, we left the town at half-past eight.

It was then that the fun began. The drivers decided not to return by the same route. We went on until the drivers discovered that they had lost the way. Taking a bend of 110 degrees we left the second bus in the hedge. In another hour we found that we were still only two miles from Bridgnorth. The three Redditch lads, who had got "warmed up" at Bridgnorth, now started to whistle and sing. We were in really narrow lanes, and if a car happened to come the other way, it had to pull into the side, as our driver did not intend to do so. When we were going downhill, taking an "S" bend, we missed, by a coat of paint, a car parked at the side. By now we were rather weary and, as our three Redditch friends were "dry," we decided to stop at a road-house for fifteen minutes. In twenty minutes everybody was seated in our coach again except the Redditch boys, who turned up in another twenty minutes.

By now one of the coaches had gone on, and by the time we started off it was nearly ten o'clock. It was now dark and we could not see anything. We were entertained by the three singers from Redditch, and we thought all would be all right now. At length we reached Stour-bridge, after losing coach number two several times. From here was real chaos. For the next forty minutes we did a tour of the borough, asking various people the way to Redditch. At last one of the passengers took a hand and safely got us back on to the main road. Then we had an easy journey home, arriving back at midnight, none the worse for our journey, but hot, tired and hungry.

A. THORNTON (IV.A).

NATIONAL SAVINGS

During the six months ending March 31st, 1953, this group greatly increased its normal savings to reach a total of £242 11s. 6d., which was a very commendable effort indeed.

This was largely the result of the increased membership, which caused us to be selling stamps "on credit" for several weeks following the School's Recruitment Week in October.

So far this Term we have saved only £55 1s. 6d., and the number of regular savers has diminished by approximately one-third of its former strength. We can only hope that in the Autumn Term, with the Coronation and the holidays well behind us, we shall again number the 154 members whose regular weekly savings achieved such a splendid result.

MISS YOUNG, *Hon. Secretary.*

THE SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY

This Term we have continued giving talks on scientific topics.

At the beginning of each afternoon we now read out newspaper cuttings of the current week which have scientific value. The majority of these cuttings seem to be on the development of jet aircraft.

On May 8th, Mr. Thornton arranged for us to look over Mr. Clulee's factory. Here we saw men making parts for jet planes. Among parts being turned out was one for an elevator control system, most of which was made on a lathe.

Among interesting talks this Term was one by Gibbs on "Soap," and the oils from which it is made; also one by Keyte on "The Solar System."

M. FINNEMORE, *Secretary.*

DRAMATIC SOCIETY

President: Feast i. *Treasurer:* Goward.

Social Secretary: Gillett. *Secretary:* Savage i.

This Term the society has settled down very steadily to normal routine. Different groups of people are responsible for each week's activities, as before.

Among the new games we have tried has been one based on the quiz in the Forces Programme. In this, each contestant starts with ten marks, and after being told whether the question is hard or easy, he has to decide how many of these he is going to stake on getting the question right. If he answers correctly, this amount is added on to his score; if not, it is subtracted. Each person has three questions. The man of the moment was definitely Keyte i, who rose to the occasion with a brilliant 40 marks and eventually ran out winner, even though he was hotly pursued by Gillett.

One afternoon, "Twenty Questions" was tried out in the form of a team game, one team going outside while the other tried to discover the object in question. This resulted in a win for the now "Resident Team" of S. Taylor, A. Dearden, Cooper and Savage i, whose victory was due in no small measure to the inspired "Anona Wynne-like" guessing of Ann Dearden.

A Beetle Drive was held as a Coronation special, and in a neck and neck contest Cleeton and Millward finished level, well ahead of the rest of the field.

Altogether a most enjoyable Term has been had by all.

T. SAVAGE.

THE COUNTRY DANCE SOCIETY

Hon. Secretary: S. Winspear. *Hon. Treasurer:* K. Highman.

Committee: M. Bennett, A. Lidgely.

The Country Dance Society has now been running for more than four years, and comprises twenty-four members. A penny a week is subscribed by each member, the proceeds of which are used to buy new records.

We have learnt many new dances under the instruction of Miss Hewitt, to whom we are extremely grateful.

Two parties were enjoyed by members of the School and Staff at the end of the Christmas Term.

We are hoping to hold a party at the end of this term.

S.W.

AERO-MODELLING SOCIETY

The members continue to make models of various kinds. A new jet model using solid fuel is very popular. Several gliders have proved successful, and various elastic-propelled types have provided a mild sensation by landing on the roof of the Cookery Centre. An amplifier has been constructed by the Radio members.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

This Term the building of the enlarger has continued, and we are working hard to get it finished for Sports Day. The lamp-house is now partly completed. We have had two lectures, a portfolio of enlargements, and a demonstration on "How to obtain fine grain." We have six lectures booked for next year.

SHEILA A. HALL, *Hon. Treasurer.*

SCOUTS

During this Term we have been concentrating on Second Class testing. The following boys have got their Second Class : Bolt ii, Careless, Merris and Rouse.

At Easter, the following boys went to camp at Beaudesert Park : Careless, Bretherton, Boswell, Ludlow, Rouse and Merris. This camp was enjoyed by all who went.

B. MERRIS.

CADETS

This Term training has continued as last Term. It is hoped that Certificate A, Part I, will take place this Term, and for that reason the Cadets taking this examination are staying for an extra hour's training after school on Fridays.

The Platoon paraded with the Alcester Company's Band at Salford Priors British Legion Festival and at Wythall Carnival, and appeared in Alcester for the first time on May 31st in the Alcester Coronation Sunday Parade.

Five Cadets attended a week-end training camp early in May, and in the same month five entered for the Brigade Sports, when they gained seven prizes between them.

CPL. MILLER.

ROUNDERS

Captain : S. George.

Vice-Captain : S. Salmons.

So far we have not played many matches this Term, as most of our fixtures have been arranged for the latter part of the Term. We are fortunate to have lost only two of last year's first team players, and so far this Term they have shown their usual skill by winning all three of their matches, one of which was a walk-over.

The second and under-15 team have also played well, winning three matches.

Practices have been held on Thursday evenings and been attended by many enthusiastic players.

The following have represented the School this Term :—*First Nine* : A. Lidgley, M. Bennett, H. Smith, J. Smith, S. George, K. Richards, P. O'Nions, S. Salmons, M. Salmons and A. Moss; *Second Nine* : B. Whitehouse, Y. Beesley, J. Rawbone, J. Hall, J. Burford, A. O'Dell, F. Jackson, N. Goldby, A. Davis, M. Scott and E. Stewart.

RESULTS

A.G.S. 1st IX	v.	Evesham P.H.G.S. (home), won, 19—1½ and innings declared.
"	v.	Redditch C.H.S. (away), won, 12½—2.
"	v.	Leamington College (away), won, 5½—2.
"	v.	Evesham P.H.G.S. (away), won, 5½—2.
A.G.S. 2nd XI	v.	Leamington College (away), lost, 4—6.
"	v.	Redditch C.H.S. (away), lost, 3—6.
"	v.	Evesham P.H.G.S. (home), won, 2—0.
"	v.	Evesham P.H.G.S. (away), won, 5—1½.
A.G.S. under 15	v.	Leamington College (home), won, 18½—½.

S.K.G.

TENNIS

Captain : P. Aspinwall.

Vice-Captain : B. Druller.

Secretary : P. Elmore.

We have been fortunate this season in receiving a visit from Howard Walton (former Davis Cup player) and Ralph Oliver (Warwickshire). Mr. Walton gave us a very helpful talk on general stroke play and tactics, concluding with a stimulating demonstration match, playing two sets with Mr. Oliver. Members of the Middle and Upper School attended.

Coaching has again taken place on Tuesday evenings for keen players of the Upper School, and during most dinner hours challenge matches of five games have been played in connection with the School tournament.

So far this season, owing to Whitsun and Coronation holidays, we have had only five matches, three of which have been won and two lost. We were pleased to record a closer result against Studley College than in previous years.

The School has been represented by the following : B. Druller, P. Aspinwall, J. Bunting, S. Winspear, M. Bunting, A. Swinglehurst.

RESULTS

A.G.S. 1st VI v. Evesham P.H.G.S. (home), won, 6—3.
 .. v. Studley College (home), lost, 4—5.
 .. v. Redditch C.H.S. (away), lost, 4—5.
 .. v. Leamington College (home), won, 6—3.
 .. v. Leamington College (away), won, 6—3.

P.M.E.A.

CRICKET CLUB (GIRLS)

This season a Cricket Club has been formed from enthusiastic members of the IVth, Vth and VIth Form girls, practices being held on Monday evenings.

One match has been played so far with astonishing success! A.G.S. XI beat Studley College by 37 runs. A.G.S. girls batted first and made 86 runs. M. Bennett (40 not out) and S. Winspear (20) were the most outstanding batsmen, and excelled in hitting boundaries.

After the tea break, Studley College went in to bat, and were dismissed for 49 runs, thanks to the bowling of S. George, who obtained seven wickets for 27 runs, including a "hat-trick."

We are proud of our first victory, even though members of the IVth Form were unable to play, and we are looking forward to meeting Studley College again later.

The following were chosen to represent our club : S. Salmons, M. Salmons, M. Bennett, S. George, P. Aspinwall, S. Winspear, J. Smith, P. Elmore, P. Wellum, S. Hall and S. Taylor.

RESULT

A.G.S. XI (Girls) v. Studley College, won, 86—49.

S.S.

CRICKET

Captain: Savage. Committee member: Peace.

Vice-Captain and Secretary: Feast.

The start of the season was very unpromising, owing to repeated failures in the batting. Apart from the match against Evesham, our opponents were dismissed cheaply, only for our own batting to crumble. The main reason for this has been our inability to play really fast bowling. However, in the last few matches the batting has decidedly looked up, and we were able to beat Redditch—a very good omen for the future—and draw with Worcester. The latter game was played at School owing to heavy rain in the morning. The fielding, after a shaky start, has improved tremendously and has played a big part in our recovery.

Practices have been held most Fridays throughout the Term, and we are looking forward to a very satisfactory end to the season.

The following boys have represented the School this Term: Feast, Lane, Keyte i, Cottrill, Peace, Careless, Bolt ii, Shakles, Merris, Aspinwall, Lewis i, Pinfield, Trout, Allen and Savage i.

RESULTS

- A.G.S. v. Evesham P.H.G.S. (home), lost, 25—113 for 6.
 " v. Chipping Campden (away), lost, 32—67.
 " v. Redditch C.H.S. (away), won, 54 for 7—53.
 " v. Bromsgrove C.H.S. (away), lost, 37—38 for 5.
 " v. Worcester Junior Technical School (home), drawn, 96 for 9—46 for 5.
 T.S.

SUPPLEMENTARY RESULTS**FOOTBALL**

- A.G.S. 1st XI v. Chipping Campden G.S. (home), lost, 1—3.
 " v. Old Scholars' XI (home), drawn, 3—3.
 " v. Worcester Junior Technical School (home), won, 8—2.
 SIDES: Tomtits 4, Brownies 0; Tomtits 3, Jackals 2; Jackals 8, Brownies 0.
 SIDES (Junior): Tomtits 9, Brownies 1; Jackals 7, Brownies 1; Tomtits 2, Jackals 1.
 Colours were awarded to Savage i, Peace, Lane.

ANALYSIS

	Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	Goals	
					For	Against
	13	2		10	23	61

HOCKEY

- A.G.S. 1st XI v. Chipping Campden G.S. (home), won, 3—0.
 " v. Worcester G.G.S. (away), won, 7—2.
 " v. Staff XI, won, 6—1.
 " v. Ragley Ladies (home), lost, 0—3.
 SIDES: Tomtits 3, Brownies 2; Tomtits 2, Jackals 2; Jackals 4, Brownies 2.
 SIDES (Junior): Brownies 2, Tomtits 1; Jackals 2, Tomtits 0; Jackals 2, Brownies 1.
 Colours were awarded to A. Lidgely, P. O'Nions, K. Richards, M. Bennett.

ANALYSIS

	Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	Goals	
					For	Against
A.G.S. 1st XI	18	15	1	2	85	22
A.G.S. 2nd XI	6	4	—	2	28	15

NETBALL

- A.G.S. 1st VII v. Leamington College (away), lost, 8—20.
 Under 15 VII v. Leamington College (away), won, 11—8.
 SIDES: Jackals 8, Tomtits 7; Jackals 11, Brownies 11; Brownies 18, Tomtits 5.
 Colours were awarded to Y. Beesley.

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